Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should bee ſo tyranous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes, ſee path-waies to his wil:
Where ſhall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe, ſerious vanity,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doeſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppreſsion.
Romeo. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſsion.
Griefes of my owne lie heauy in my breſt,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preſt,
With more of thine, this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will goe along.
And if you leaue me ſo, you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I haue loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*; hees ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you loue?
Rom. VVhat ſhall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but ſadly tell me who:

Rom. Bid a ſicke man in ſadneſſe make his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe Couzen, I doe loue a woman.
Ben. I aymd ſo neare, when I ſuppos'd you lou'd
Rom. A right good marke-man, and ſhee's faire I
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze is ſooneſt hi
Romeo. Well, in that hit you miſſe, ſheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtitie well armd,
From loues weake childiſh Bow ſhe liues vncharmd.
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing teames,
Nor bide th' incounter of aſſailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to Sainct ſeducing gold,
O ſhe is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when dyes, with beautie dyes her ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworne, that ſhe will ſtill liue
Rom. She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge w
For beautie ſterv'd with her ſeueritie,
Cuts beautie off from all poſteritie.
She is to faire, too wiſe, wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe, by making me deſpaire:
She hath forſworne to loue, and in that vow,
Doe I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.
Ro. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Ro. T'is the way to call hers (exquiſite) in queſtio
Theſe happie Maskes that kiſſe faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in minde they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt,
Shew me a Miſtris that is paſſing faire,
What doth her beautie ſerue but as a note,
Where I may reade who paſt that paſſing faire:
Farewell thou canſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe dye in debt.